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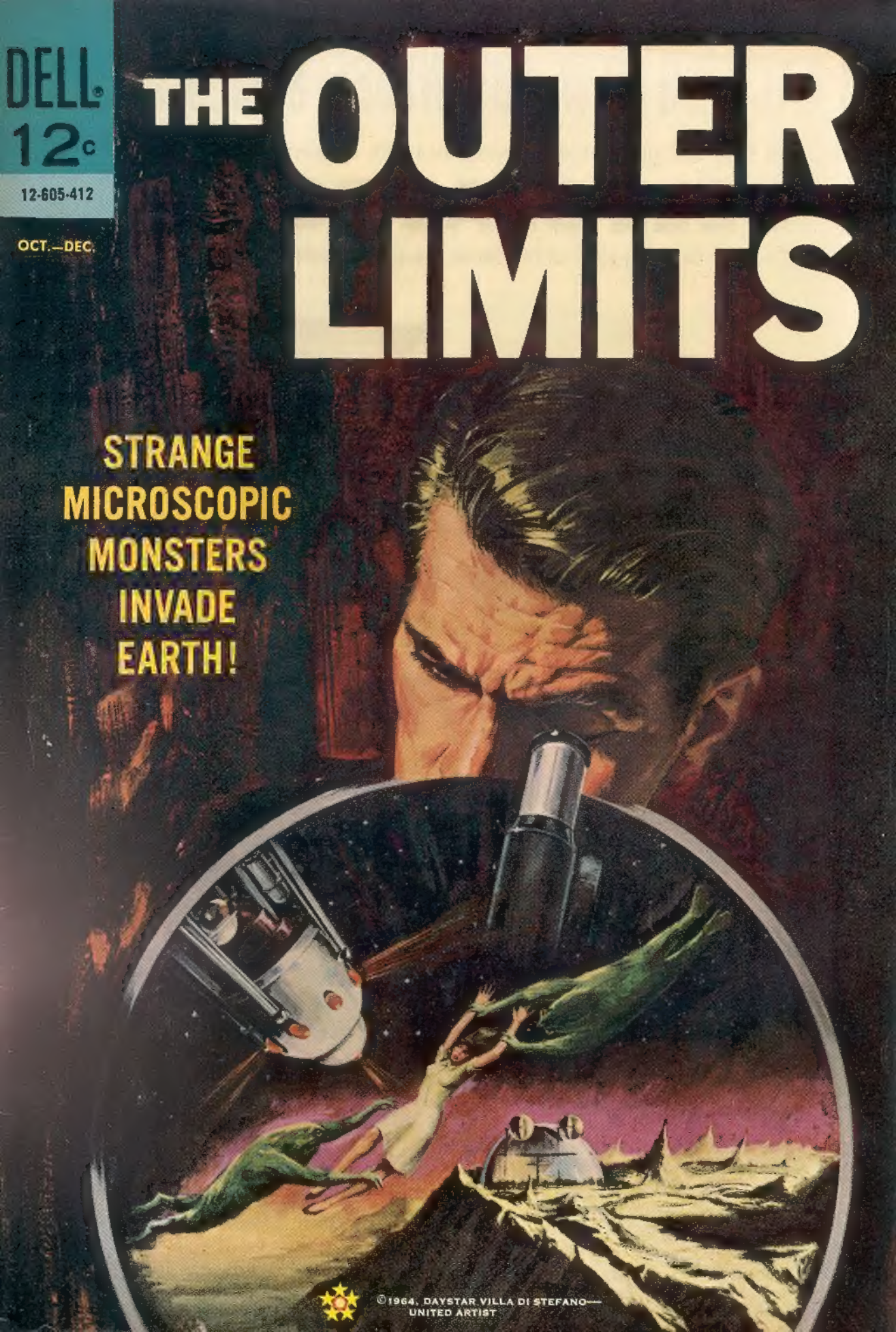
THE OUTER LIMITS

STRANGE MICROSCOPIC MONSTERS INVADE EARTH!



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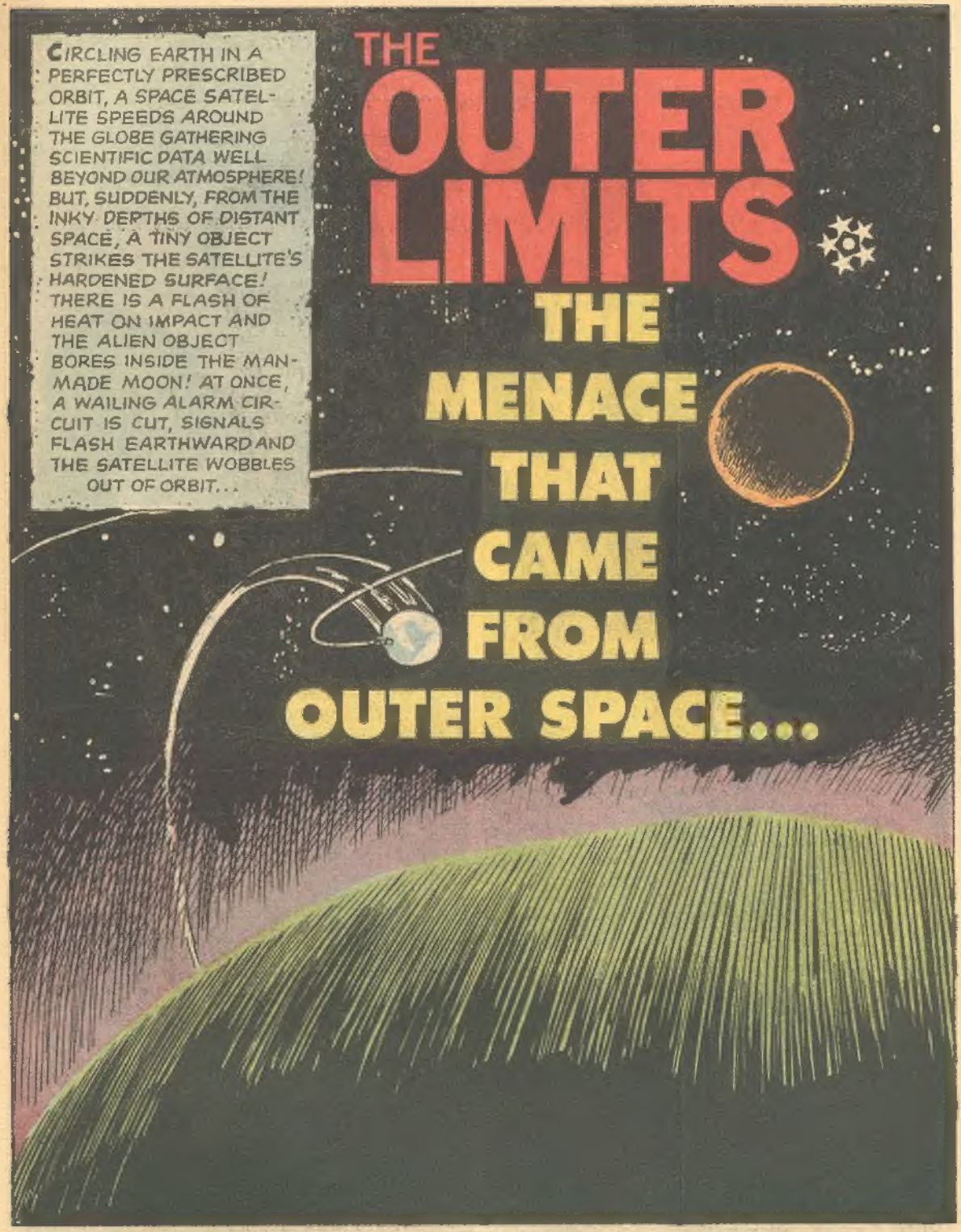
CIRCLING EARTH IN A PERFECTLY PRESCRIBED ORBIT, A SPACE SATELLITE SPEEDS AROUND THE GLOBE GATHERING SCIENTIFIC DATA WELL BEYOND OUR ATMOSPHERE! BUT, SUDDENLY, FROM THE INKY DEPTHS OF DISTANT SPACE, A TINY OBJECT STRIKES THE SATELLITE'S HARDENED SURFACE! THERE IS A FLASH OF HEAT ON IMPACT AND THE ALIEN OBJECT BORES INSIDE THE MAN-MADE MOON! AT ONCE, A WAILING ALARM CIRCUIT IS CUT, SIGNALS FLASH EARTHWARD AND THE SATELLITE WOBBLES OUT OF ORBIT...
THE
OUTER
LIMITS
THE
MENACE
THAT
CAME
FROM
OUTER SPACE...

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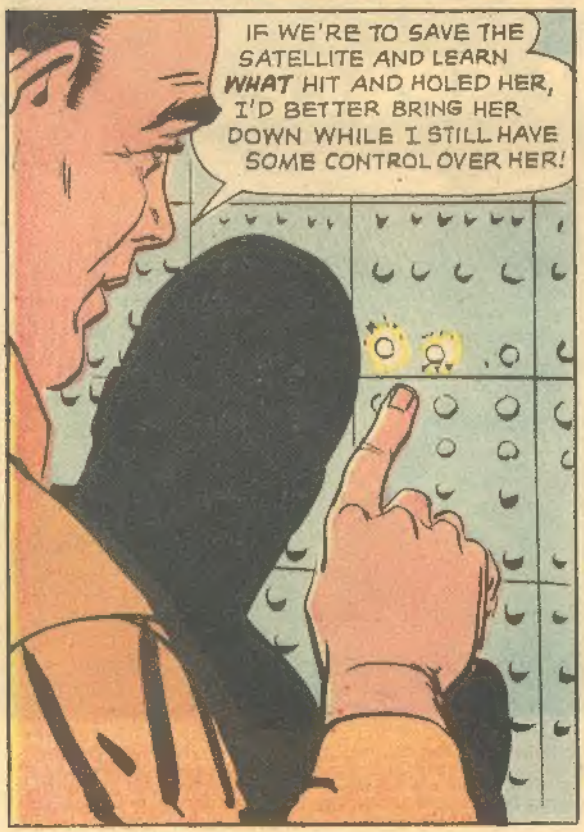
THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY AT AN AMERICAN TRACKING STATION, THE MONITOR PANEL FLASHES URGENTLY...
PROFESSOR ROGERS, DO YOU SEE--
YES, GRACE, THE SATELLITE'S HIT!

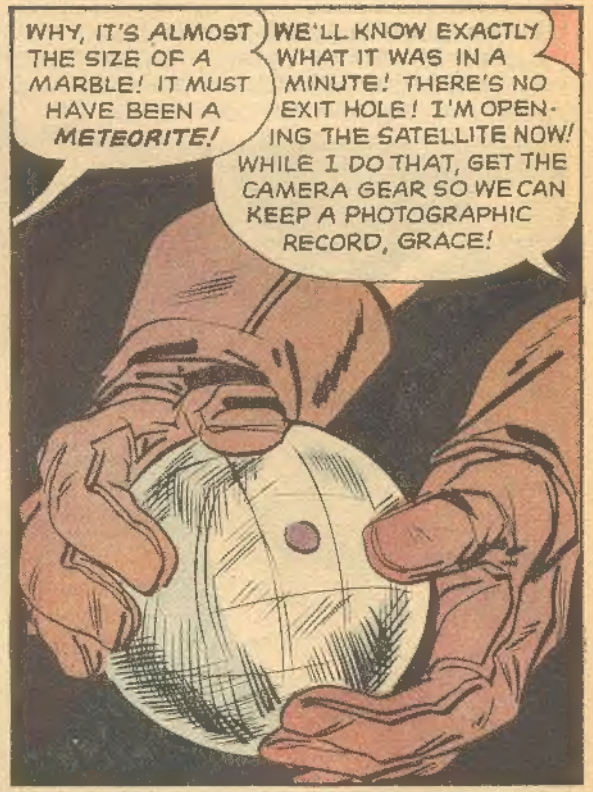
SWIFTLY, THE TWO SCIENTISTS SCAN THEIR MONITOR PANELS! AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN PURRS, FEEDS ON A STREAM OF SPACE FIGURES AND QUICKLY CALCULATES THE CHANGING ORBIT.
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! WHATEVER HIT THAT BABY IS KNOCKING HER OFF COURSE!


IF WE'RE TO SAVE THE SATELLITE AND LEARN WHAT HIT AND HOLED HER, I'D BETTER BRING HER DOWN WHILE I STILL HAVE SOME CONTROL OVER HER!

ACROSS THE GREAT GAP, A RADIO SIGNAL LEAPS! OUT IN SPACE, TINY TRANSISTORS ACTIVATE A SYSTEM AND, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, RETRO-ROCKETS FIRE...

STRIKING OUR ATMOSPHERE, THE SATELLITE FLARES, AS FRICTION CREATES FANTASTIC HEAT! BUT THE SECRET METALLIC COVERING FAILS TO BURN AND THE DESCENT CONTINUES...
AT AN ALERTED AIR FORCE RADAR STATION, SKILLED MEN TRACK THE SATELLITE'S RE-ENTRY...
VECTOR 402-- SPEED 3000!
AT SEA, A NAVY BOAT STEAMS UNDER EMERGENCY POWER, ARRIVING AT THE POINT OF IMPACT ALMOST AS THE SATELLITE SPLASHES DOWN...
COMMENCE RECOVERY PROCEDURE!

THE SATELLITE IS BROUGHT TO THE LAB. THERE, TWO SCIENTISTS EAGERLY LIFT IT OUT OF ITS SPECIAL CONTAINER...

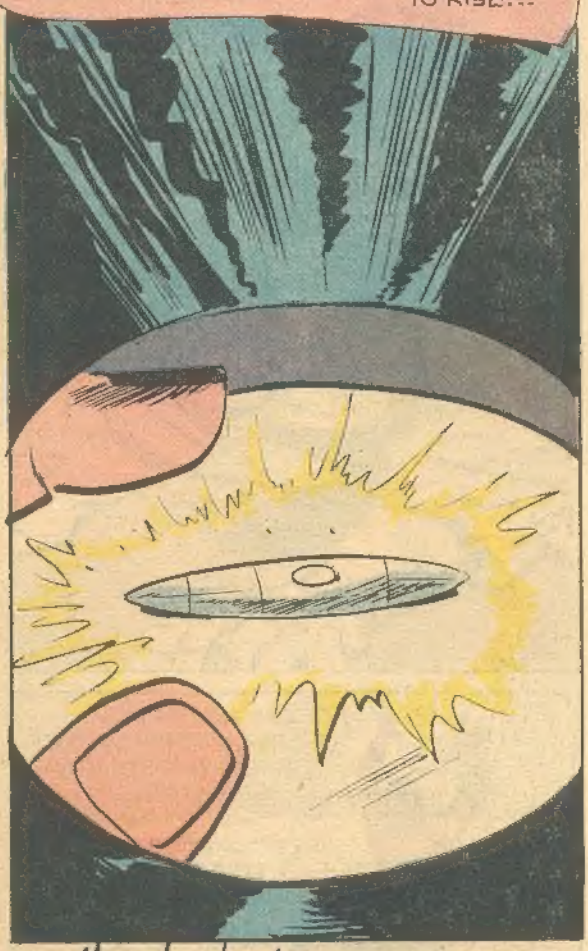

WHY, IT'S ALMOST THE SIZE OF A MARBLE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A METEORITE!
WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS IN A MINUTE! THERE'S NO EXIT HOLE! I'M OPENING THE SATELLITE NOW! WHILE I DO THAT, GET THE CAMERA GEAR SO WE CAN KEEP A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD, GRACE!

AS GRACE TANNER LEAVES THE LAB TO GET A CAMERA, PROFESSOR ROGERS PRIES OPEN THE SATELLITE! THERE, INSIDE, HE SEES THE ALIEN OBJECT...

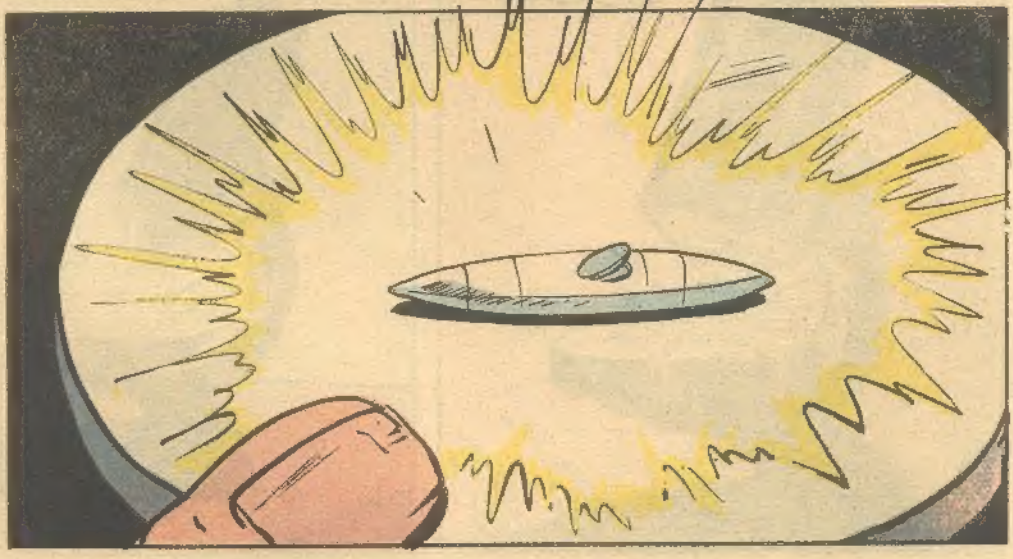
SKILLFULLY, HE FOCUSES THE HIGH-POWERED MICROSCOPE TILL THE TOP OF THE OBJECT COMES INTO VIEW! THEN, AS HE STARES AT THE MAGNIFIED OBJECT, HE GASPS...

BLINKING IN DISBELIEF, THE SCIENTIST STARES DOWN AT THE STARTLING SPACE OBJECT BELOW! ON ITS UPPER SURFACE, HE MAKES OUT LINES, DETERMINED LINES THAT ONLY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE COULD HAVE MADE SO PURPOSEFULLY STRAIGHT...

THEN, AS HE STARES, TRANSFIXED WITH FASCINATION, THERE IS A SLIGHT MOVEMENT! BEFORE HIS UNBELIEVING EYES, A FLAP FROM THE SMOOTH METAL BEGINS TO RISE...

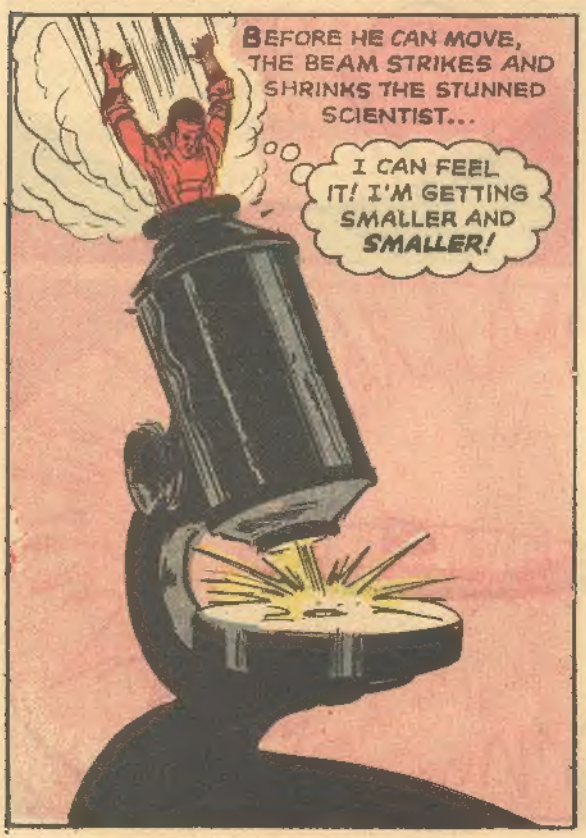


HIS MIND WHIRLS FOR A SOLUTION... AND THERE IS ONLY ONE! THE RISING METALLIC TAB IS A HATCH! OPENED, IT REVEALS THAT THE OBJECT IS HOLLOW AND LIGHTED INSIDE...



THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT! THE OBJECT THAT SMASHED INTO OUR SATELLITE IS A SPACESHIP!... AND THE HATCH SWINGING OPEN MEANS IT'S MANNED!

LEANING BACK TO RUB HIS EYES, ERIC ROGERS IS SUDDENLY BATHED IN A BRIGHT LIGHT THAT FLASHES FROM THE SHIP BELOW, FOCUSING THROUGH POWERFUL LENSES ONTO HIM...

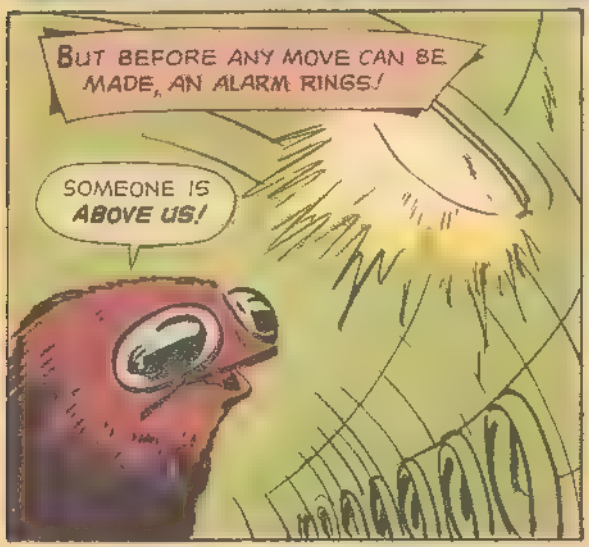


THEN THE INCREDIBLE BEAM SHRINKS THE PHYSICIST TILL HIS SIZE IS SO SMALL THAT HE CAN BE BORNE THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE ON THE SHAFT OF THE BRILLIANT, ALIEN BEAM.

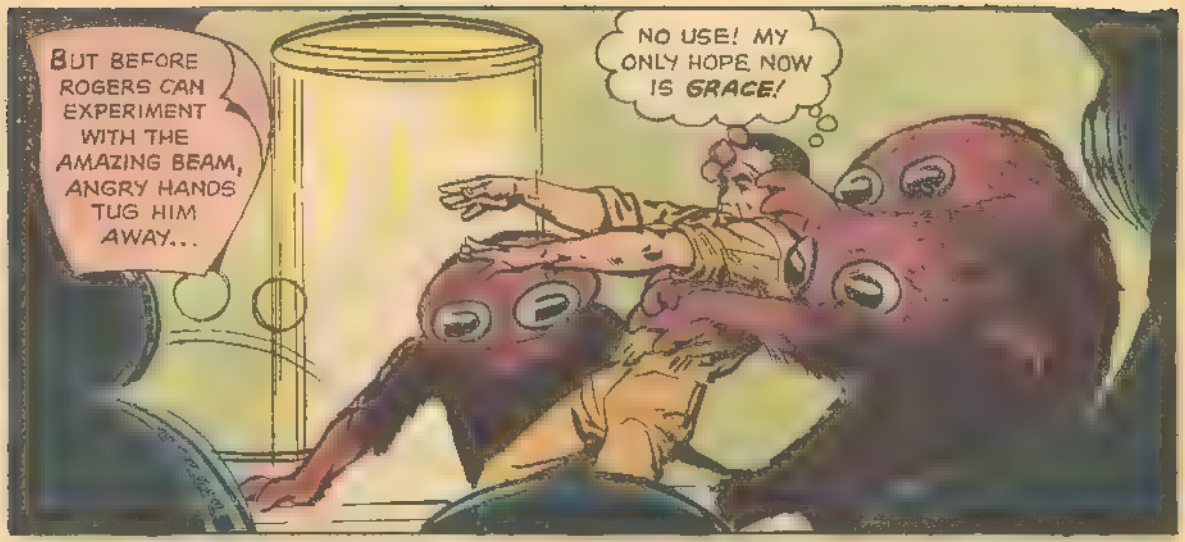
PULLED DOWN THE LIGHT SHAFT, HE LANDS INSIDE THE FOREIGN CRAFT...
WHERE ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK!
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER! INSTEAD, THE LIGHT RAY GOES OFF! AS IT DOES, THERE IS THE SOUND OF SLIDING METAL AS A DOOR OPENS...
THEY'RE COMING!
FEAR FILLS THE SCIENTIST'S EYES AS HE GAPES AT THE SHAPES EMERGING FROM THE PASSAGEWAY! FEAR AND HELPLESSNESS, FOR NOW HE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THE TINY PROPORTIONS OF HIS CAPTORS...

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
WE HAVE TRIED TO LAND ON YOUR WORLD FROM OUR PLANET. BUT YOUR ATMOSPHERE BURNS UP OUR SHIPS! WE FOUND ANOTHER WAY OF PENETRATING YOUR ATMOSPHERE!
WE CRASHED INTO ONE OF YOUR SATELLITES, CERTAIN YOU WOULD BRING US SAFELY THROUGH THE PROTECTIVE ATMOSPHERE! NOW THAT WE ARE HERE, YOU WILL SHOW US HOW OUR SHIPS CAN SAFELY LAND THROUGH YOUR ATMOSPHERE! THE FIRST STEP-- TO OUR EVENTUAL RULE!
NO! IF YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER OUR WORLD, FIND YOUR OWN METHOD!
STOP HIM!
FOOL! YOU ARE OUR SIZE NOW! YOU CANNOT DEFEAT THREE OF US! BUT FROM YOUR INFORMATION, WE WILL DEFEAT YOUR WORLD!

IN VAIN, HE STRUGGLES, AS THREE PAIRS OF ALIEN HANDS CLUTCH HIM FORCING HIM DOWN...
ATTACH THE CEREBRUM SCANNER! WHETHER HE WANTS TO OR NOT, WE WILL SOON LEARN HOW THESE EARTHLINGS PROTECT THEIR SATELLITES!

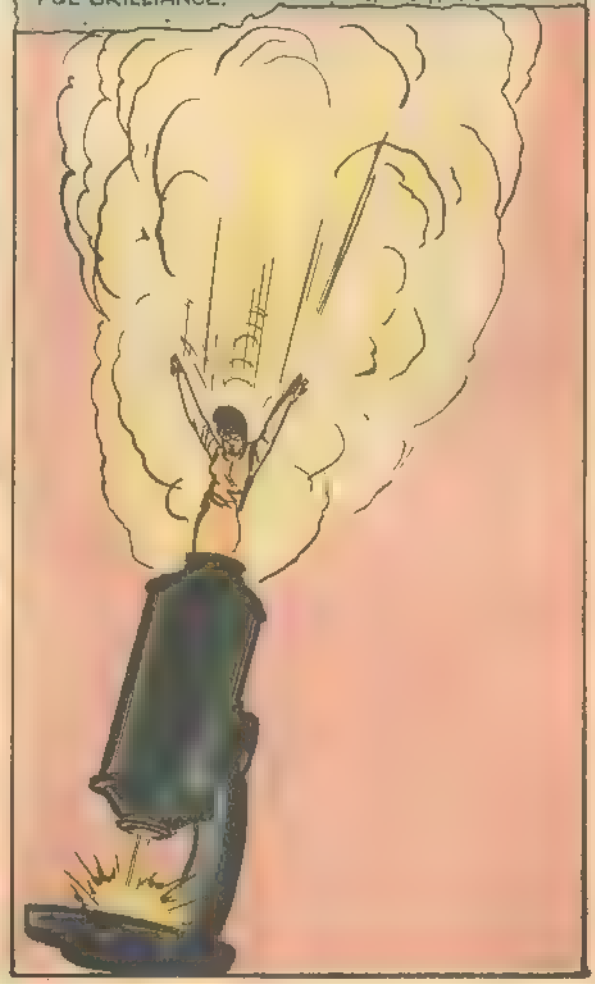


TAKING QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENTARY DIVERSION, ERIC ROGERS BREAKS FREE



BUT ABOVE, PUZZLED AT HIS ABSENCE, GRACE LOOKS AROUND, CERTAIN HE HAS GONE OFF FOR SOME EQUIPMENT! THEN, NOTICING THE FOCUSED MICROSCOPE..

AS SHE LEANS FORWARD TO LOOK, THE FLASH OF LIGHT STRIKES AND THEN, SHE IS WHIRLED DOWNWARD ON A SHAFT OF BALEFUL BRILLIANCE!



THERE, BEFORE THE PROFESSOR'S VERY EYES, HE SEES THE SHOCKING SIGHT, SEES FOR HIMSELF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! FOR SUDDENLY, DOWN THE SHAFT OF LIGHT, A TINY GRACE TANNER FLUTTERS, A MOCKING MIDGET OF HER FORMER SELF...
GRACE!
W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT ARE THESE CREATURES?
MONSTERS AT LARGE!
BEFORE ANYONE CAN SPEAK, ONE ALIEN FIGURE LURCHES FORWARD.
N-NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
NOW-- WHILE THEY'RE WATCHING GRACE, THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO GET TO THAT BEAM AND TRY TO SEND US BACK!

SHOVING HARD, ROGERS HURLS THE MONSTER ASIDE, REACHING FOR THE CONTROLS...

THERE! I HAVE IT-- BUT CAN I WORK IT?

STOP HIM! THE TRANSPORTER RAY! HE MUST NOT TOUCH IT!

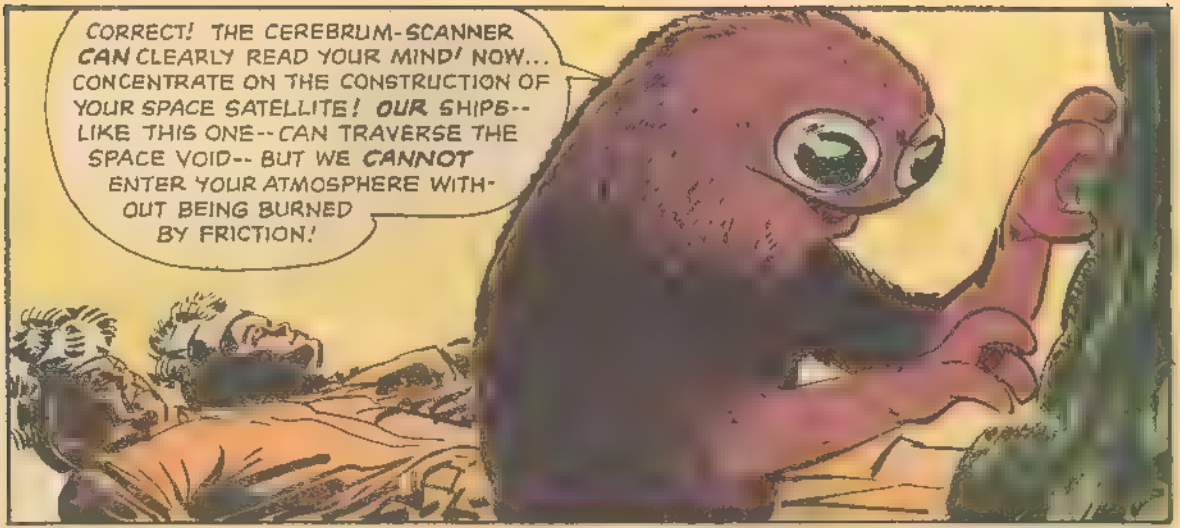
ROGERS SCANS THE PUZZLING CONTROL BOARD. HIS SCIENTIST'S MIND QUICKLY CALCULATES AND COMES TO A CONCLUSION.

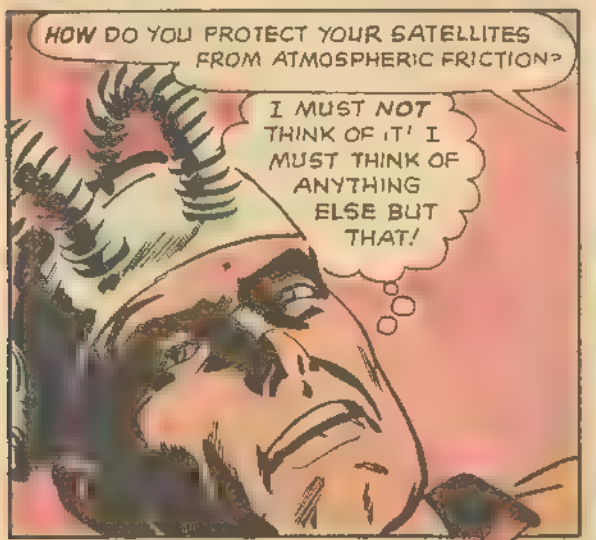
YES, IT WORKS BY MAGNETIC FIELDS OF FORCE ENERGY! THEN THE WAY TO REVERSE IT IS TO REVERSE POLARITY!

THERE IS A HUMMING AND THEN THE BEAM FLARES ON! BUT AS ROGERS TRIES TO SWING IT TOWARD GRACE, TWO UNEARTHY FIGURES BLOCK THE BEAM.

NO! TURN IT OFF! OFF!

IT WORKS! BUT I CAN'T FOCUS THE BEAM ON YOU! IT SEEMS FIXED! HURRY! INTO THE LIGHT!
AS THE TWO FIGURES FLASH UPWARD AND VANISH ON THE LIGHT RAY, THE THIRD RISES FROM THE FLOOR AND STRIKES!
ERIC!
OW!
WHEN ROGERS COMES TO, HE TRIES TO TURN, BUT FEELS A STRANGE, RESTRAINING FORCE AT HIS WRISTS AND LEGS! HIS EYES BLINK AND A FRIGHTENING SIGHT GREETS HIM...
GRACE!
YES! WE'RE BOTH PRISONERS AND HE'S CLAMPING ON A DEVICE HE CLAIMS CAN READ OUR THOUGHTS!


CORRECT! THE CEREBRUM-SCANNER *CAN* CLEARLY READ YOUR MIND! NOW... CONCENTRATE ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF YOUR SPACE SATELLITE! *OUR* SHIPS-- LIKE THIS ONE--CAN TRAVERSE THE SPACE VOID-- BUT WE *CANNOT* ENTER YOUR ATMOSPHERE WITHOUT BEING BURNED BY FRICTION!


HOW DO YOU PROTECT YOUR SATELLITES FROM ATMOSPHERIC FRICTION?
I MUST *NOT* THINK OF IT! I MUST THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE BUT THAT!

I MUST CONCENTRATE ON SOMETHING -- KNITTING, BRIDGE, ANYTHING BUT WHAT HE ASKS!

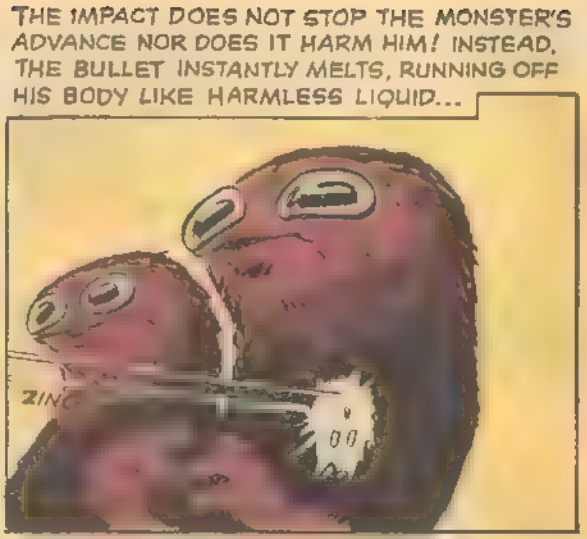
ABOVE, WHERE THE BEAM LEAVES THE LENSE, TWO ALIEN SHAPES EMERGE! BUT AS THEY FORM FROM OUT OF THE BEAM, THEIR SIZE INCREASES STARTLINGLY UNTIL THE TINY, PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN CREATURES TAKE ON HUMAN DIMENSIONS...

ERIC! LUNCH TIME--LET'S GO! YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR FUN AND GAMES LATER!
{GASP} ERIC! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT ARE THOSE TH-THINGS?
WE ARE TRANS-GALACTIC CREATURES! DWELLERS OF A DISTANT PLANET, BUT NOW WE HAVE FOUND A WAY TO CONQUER AND COLONIZE YOUR WORLD!
I MUST BE DREAMING! IT'S SOME CRAZY NIGHTMARE--
BZ-ZATT!

THE ALIEN FINGER IS LOWERED, BUT THE HUMAN, STRUCK BY ITS BRIGHT BEAM, REMAINS MOTIONLESS...
EXCELLENT! OUR PARALYZING POWERS WORK HERE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THIS WORLD IS LIKE THAT SOON, WE WILL RULE!
SUDDENLY, THE STAID LAB CORRIDORS RE-ECHO WITH THE SHOCKED SHRIEKS OF WOMEN AND THE STIFLED CRIES OF MEN! DOWN THE HALLWAY MARCH THE RELENTLESS CREATURES.
UPRAISED HANDS AND DARTING BEAMS OF LIGHT ARE THE ONLY ANSWERS! THE CORRIDOR BECOMES A HALL OF FROZEN FIGURES...
POLICE!!
I-I'M NOT JOKING! SOME MONSTERS ARE WALKING AROUND HERE! AND IF WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM, WE NEED HELP!

WITH CASUAL UNCONCERN AND NORMAL CURIOSITY, THEY EMERGE INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY BEYOND THE LAB BUILDING..
:'SNIFF-SNIFF.' YES, THE ATMOSPHERE IS IN THE OXYGEN-NITROGEN CYCLE! COMPLETELY COMPATIBLE WITH OUR BODY CHEMISTRY!
ON THEY ADVANCE, UNNOTICED, UNTIL THEY REACH A STREET, WHERE BRAKES SCREECH..
IN A MINUTE, A TRAFFIC JAM ENSUES! THEN, SIRENS SCREAMING, A POLICE CAR THREADS ITS WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF AUTOS .
HOLY SMOKE! AND TODAY ISN'T EVEN HOLLOWEEN!
ER-- WHOEVER YOU BOYS ARE, I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG TO HEADQUARTERS!

AS THE POLICE ARE PARALYZED BY THE AMAZING BEAM, THE OFFICER IN THE SQUAD CAR RAISES HIS REVOLVER AND FIRES.
BANG!

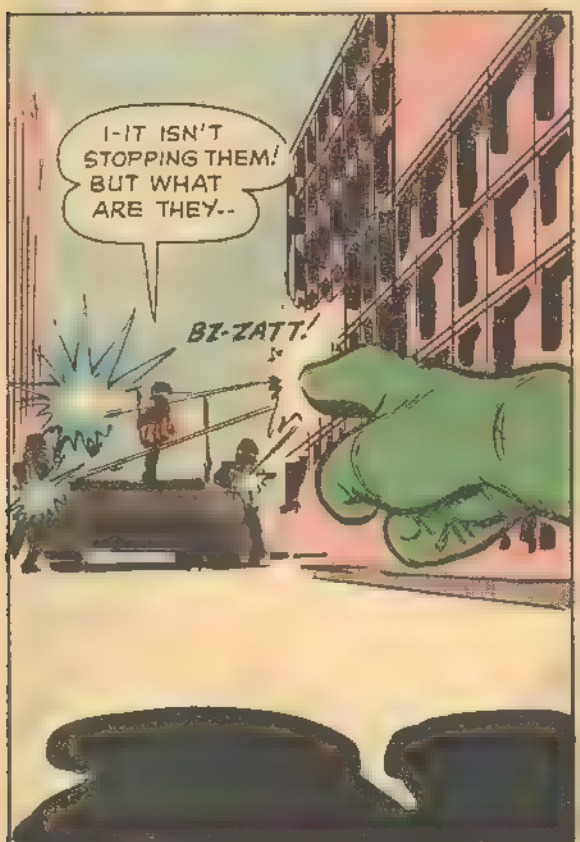

THE IMPACT DOES NOT STOP THE MONSTER'S ADVANCE NOR DOES IT HARM HIM! INSTEAD, THE BULLET INSTANTLY MELTS, RUNNING OFF HIS BODY LIKE HARMLESS LIQUID...
ZING

EVERY SHOT HAS HIT! BUT THEY DON'T MEAN A--
BZ-ZAT!

WITH THE POLICE POWERLESS TO STOP THE MONSTERS, A CALL IS FLASHED TO A NEARBY ARMY BASE...
MAJOR, I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG-- BUT I CHECKED TWICE! HEADQUARTERS WANTS A COMBAT SQUAD WITH A RECOILLESS RIFLE ON THE DOUBLE TO FIGHT --MONSTERS!

PANIC PRECEEDS THE ADVANCING MONSTERS, AS THEY STALK THE CITY STREETS! THEN, A WEAPONS CARRIER CAREENS UP, RECOILLESS RIFLE BLAZING...
WE'RE ON TARGET!
BANG!
BANG!

BUT THE LARGER SHELLS ONLY TURN INTO LARGER BLOBS OF MELTING METAL ..
ZING!
ZING!


I-IT ISN'T STOPPING THEM! BUT WHAT ARE THEY--
BZ-ZATT!

FROZEN AT THEIR POST, THE SOLDIERS WATCH HARMLESSLY AS THE MONSTERS PROCEED! THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE CLEAR THE PATH AHEAD, FLEEING FROM THE STRANGE ALIENS FROM BEYOND...
RUN! THEY'VE COME TO KILL US--KILL US ALL!

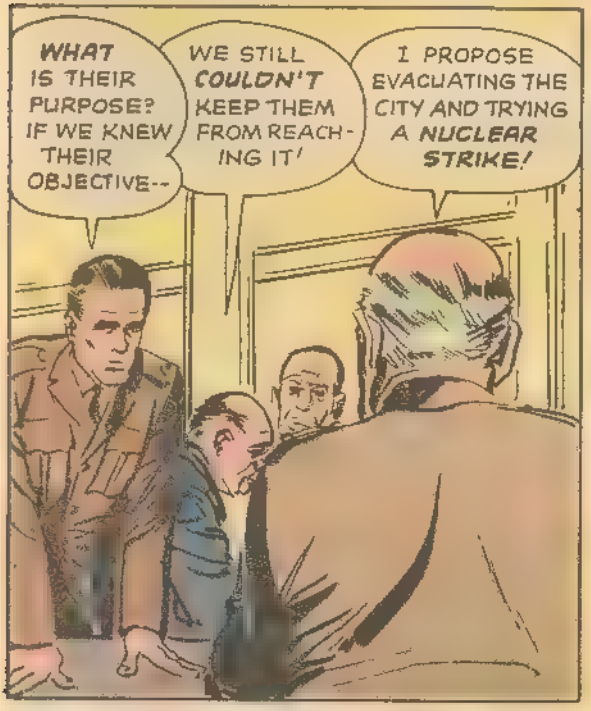
THEN A SIGNAL FLASHES BACK TO THE SPACESHIP RESTING ON THE MICROSCOPE SLIDE...
GRAK TO KLYLT! THE CREATURES HERE HAVE NO DEFENSE AGAINST US!
THEIR MAXIMUM WEAPONS MELT ON IMPACT! ONCE WE LAND, WE CAN CONQUER AND RULE! BUT FIRST, WE MUST SOLVE THE SECRET OF ENTRY! WE SNEAKED THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE BY USING THEIR SPACE VEHICLE! YOU MUST LEARN WHAT PROTECTS IT FROM ATMOSPHERIC FRICTION!
I AM HAVING TROUBLE ON THE CEREBRUM-SCANNER! THEIR THOUGHTS ARE PURPOSELY JUMBLED!
USE THE ELECTRONIC DIFUSER! THAT WILL BRING THE RIGHT PICTURE INTO FOCUS AND REVEAL THEIR SECRET!

IN THE WORLD ABOVE, WHERE THE APPARENTLY INVINCIBLE MONSTERS RANGE, AN AIR FORCE HELICOPTER CHOPS INTO VIEW, HOVERING OVER THE MENACING CREATURES BELOW! THE PILOT STEADIES HIS CRAFT, A ROCKET IS FIRED!
A HIT! B-BUT LOOK! THAT ARMOR-PIERCING SHELL DIDN'T MAKE A DENT!
ANGRY EYES FLASH SKYWARD! THEN A DOOMING FINGER BEAMS A BOLT OF LIGHT AT THE PILOT...
JIM! JIM, DON'T FREEZE ON THE CONTROLS! WE'RE FALLING! DO SOMETHING!
BUT THE PILOT'S HANDS ARE PARALYZED, AS THE 'COPTER SPINS HELPLESSLY, CRASHING TO THE GROUND BELOW...
W-WE'RE SAFE! BUT WE DIDN'T STOP THE MONSTER! AND IF THAT COULDN'T STOP THEM- WHAT CAN?

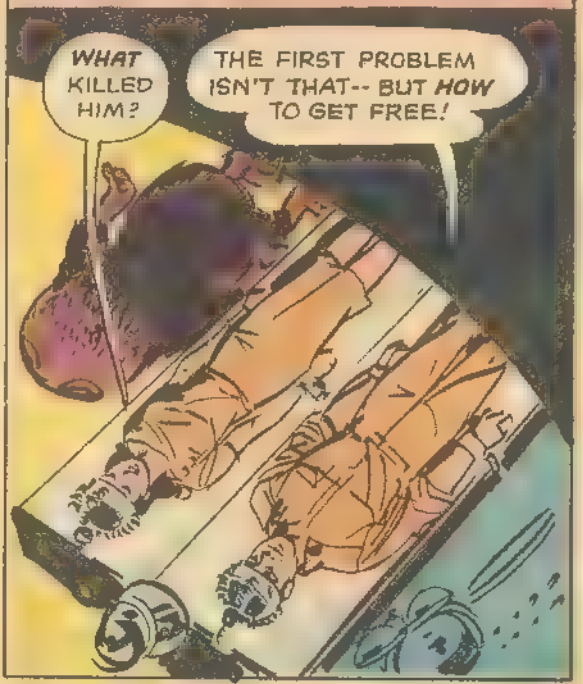
INSIDE THE ALIEN CRAFT, THE REMAINING CREATURE STRIDES BRISKLY TO GRACE! THEN HE REACHES OUT TO ATTACH THE ELECTRONIC DIFUSER TO HER WRIST, BUT AS HE DOES SO, HE UTTERS AN ANGUISHED CRY!
AIEEE!
H-HELP!... DYING...
H-HE'S DEAD! BUT WHAT KILLED HIM?
I DON'T KNOW, GRACE! BUT, UNLESS WE CAN FREE OURSELVES WHILE THE OTHER TWO MONSTERS ARE ABOVE, WE MAY YET ENVY THIS ONE'S FATE

INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY THEY STRIDE, ARROGANT EXPLORERS, STRUTTING LIKE CONFIDENT CONQUERORS! BEFORE THEIR FINGER-BEAMS ALL RESISTANCE IS FROZEN! ALL ATTEMPTS TO ANNIHILATE THEM USELESS! THEIR GLOATING LAUGHTER ECHOES THROUGH THE PANIC-STRICKEN STREETS...
THE OUTER LIMITS
THE SECRET WEAPON
YES! ONCE WE MASTER THEIR SECRET FOR RE-ENTERING THEIR ATMOSPHERE, THE REST WILL BE EASY!
BEFORE THEM, PEOPLE FLEE! FIRST, BY MOUTH, THEN BY PHONE, THEN TELEVISION AND RADIO, THE SINGLE SIMPLE WORD SPREADS...
MONSTERS
AT THE WHITE HOUSE, AIDES RUSH REPORTS TO THE PRESIDENT...
AND THE AIR FORCE-
SHORT OF DROPPING A NUCLEAR DEVICE AND SACRIFICING THE WHOLE CITY AROUND THE INVADERS, MR. PRESIDENT, NOTHING SEEMS TO STOP THEM!

AT THE PENTAGON, THE CHIEFS OF STAFF HOLD AN EMERGENCY MEETING, AS MORE FRIGHTENING REPORTS REACH THEM...


WHAT IS THEIR PURPOSE? IF WE KNEW THEIR OBJECTIVE--
WE STILL COULDN'T KEEP THEM FROM REACHING IT!
I PROPOSE EVACUATING THE CITY AND TRYING A NUCLEAR STRIKE!

AS TWO HUMAN-SIZED MONSTERS ROAM THE CITY ABOVE, ON THE FLOOR OF THE SPACESHIP, ONE TINY ALIEN LIES LIFELESS...

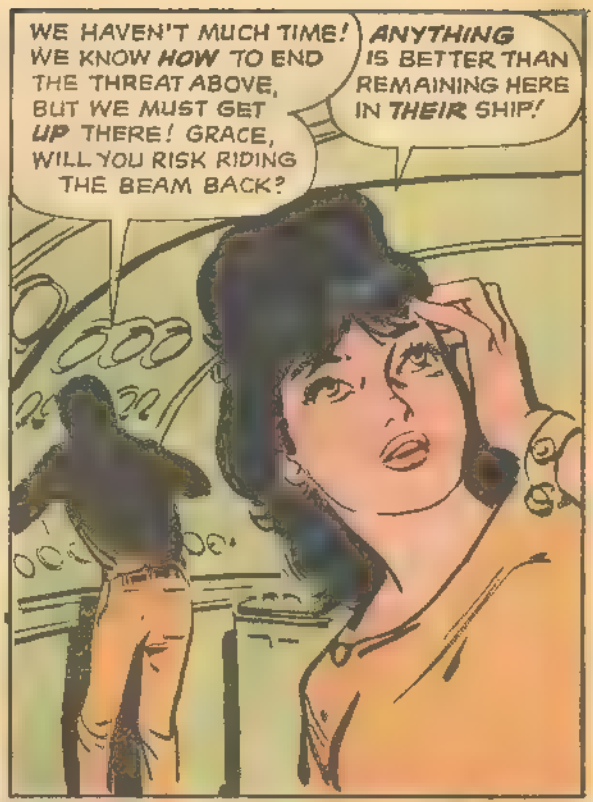


SQUIRMING AND TURNING, THE SCIENTIST SEES THAT THE RESTRAINING CLAMP IS LOCKED BY A NEARBY LEVER! PAINFULLY CUTTING HIS FLESH, HE FORCES HIS HAND FORWARD...

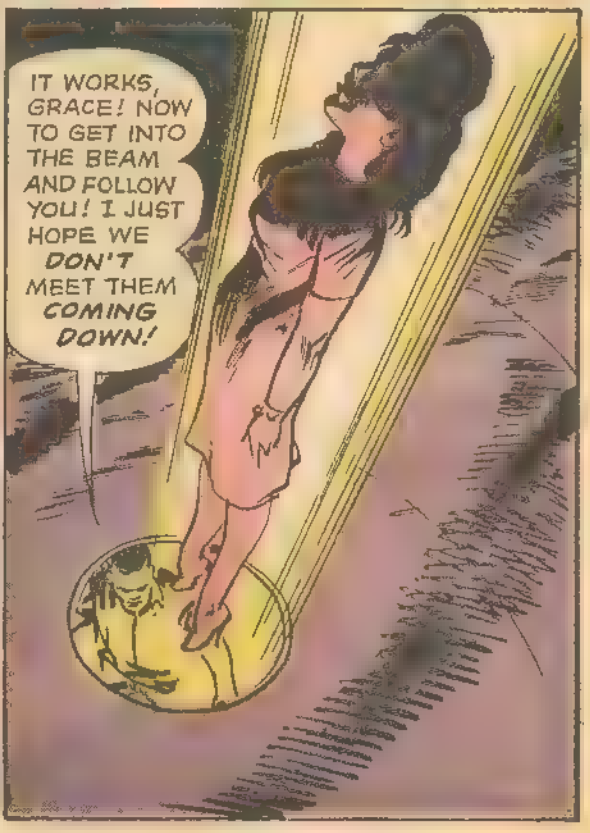
IGNORING THE CUTTING PAIN, HE PRESSES HARDER AND THEN A FINGER FLICKS UP DESPERATELY..

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE, TOO!
YOU'RE FREE!
NOW IF THE OTHERS JUST DON'T RETURN--
WHILE WE HAVE A MOMENT, GRACE--THINK! THINK WHAT HAPPENED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THIS CREATURE DIED! WHAT COULD HAVE KILLED HIM?
ERIC! I KNOW! I'M CERTAIN! WHEN HE WAS GOING TO CONNECT THE DEFUSER TO MY WRIST, HIS HAND TOUCHED THE STONE OF THIS BRACELET!
HOW COULD AN ORDINARY STONE--
IT ISN'T AN ORDINARY STONE! IT'S RYDIUM--THE NEW SUBSTANCE WE SYNTHESIZED ONLY LAST WEEK! IT GIVES OFF SLIGHT ELECTRONIC IMPULSES, COMPLETELY HARMLESS TO MAN!

BUT WHAT IS HARMLESS TO HUMANS IS OBVIOUSLY DEADLY TO THEM!
GRALK TO KLYLT! WE ARE COMPLETING RECONNAISANCE! WE'LL BE RETURNING TO THE SPACESHIP SOON! BE CERTAIN YOU HAVE THEIR SECRET HEAT-RESISTANCE FORMULA AWAITING US!

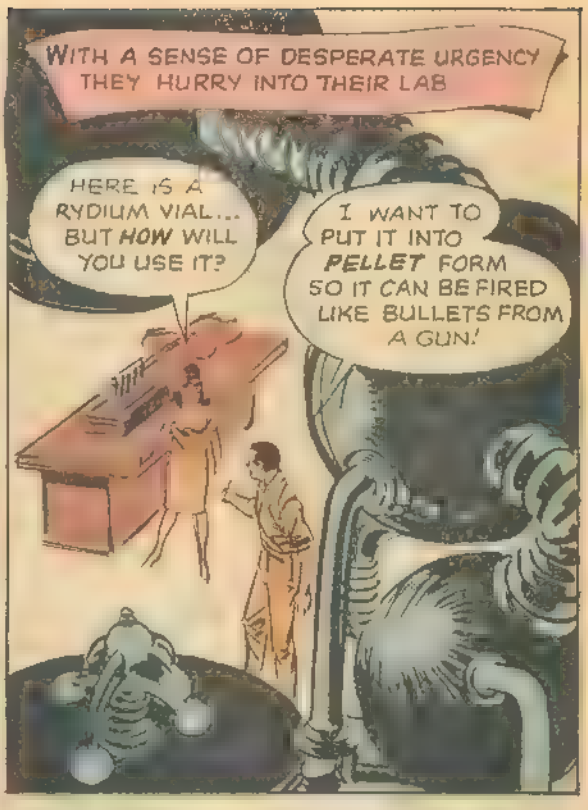

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME! WE KNOW HOW TO END THE THREAT ABOVE, BUT WE MUST GET UP THERE! GRACE, WILL YOU RISK RIDING THE BEAM BACK?
ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN REMAINING HERE IN THEIR SHIP!

QUICKLY HE TURNS ON THE BEAM! THE BRILLIANT LIGHT FOCUSES ON THE COURAGEOUS WOMAN...



WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, ROGERS HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE PROPELLING BEAM...
IN THE LAB, WHERE THE FANTASTIC ADVENTURE BEGAN, GRACE TANNER SEES HER COMPANION EMERGE AND ENLARGE OUT OF THE BEAM FUNNELED THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE'S LENS...
THEY SHOUT FOR THEIR FRIENDS! THERE IS NO ANSWER! THEY DIAL, BUT NO LAB OPERATOR ANSWER! THEY RUSH OUT INTO AN EMPTY CORRIDOR..
WHERE IS EVERYONE?
THEY'VE FLED! AND UNLESS WE PUT OUR KNOWLEDGE TO WORK FAST, ALL OF MANKIND WILL BE PANICKED!

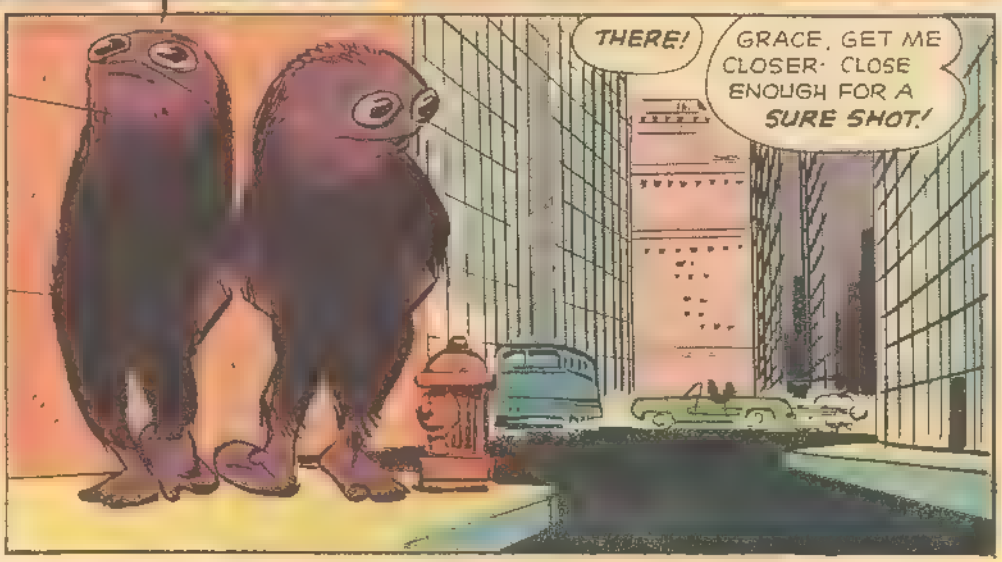
THE BLARE OF A TELEVISION SET IN A DESERTED ROOM BRINGS THEM INSIDE...
THERE! NOW YOU HAVE SEEN IT AS IT ACTUALLY IS HAPPENING! THE SPACE MONSTERS USE SOME WEIRD BEAM FROM THEIR FINGER-TIPS TO PARALYZE ALL HUMAN OPPOSITION!

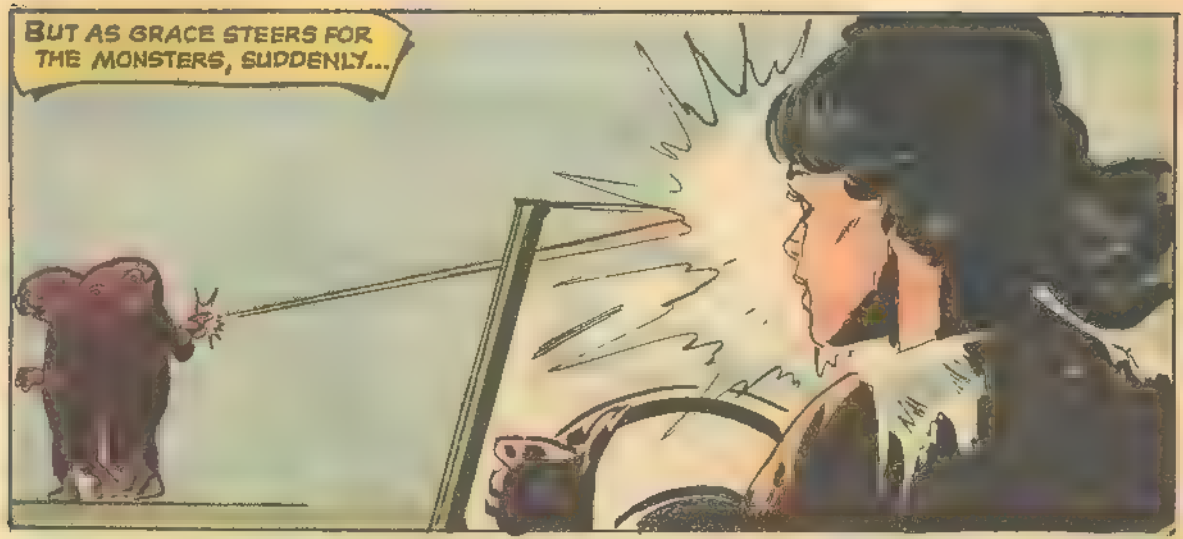

WITH A SENSE OF DESPERATE URGENCY THEY HURRY INTO THEIR LAB
HERE IS A RYDIUM VIAL... BUT HOW WILL YOU USE IT?
I WANT TO PUT IT INTO PELLET FORM SO IT CAN BE FIRED LIKE BULLETS FROM A GUN!

THE TWO SCIENTISTS HURRIEDLY CONVERT THE NEW MATERIAL INTO TINY PELLETS

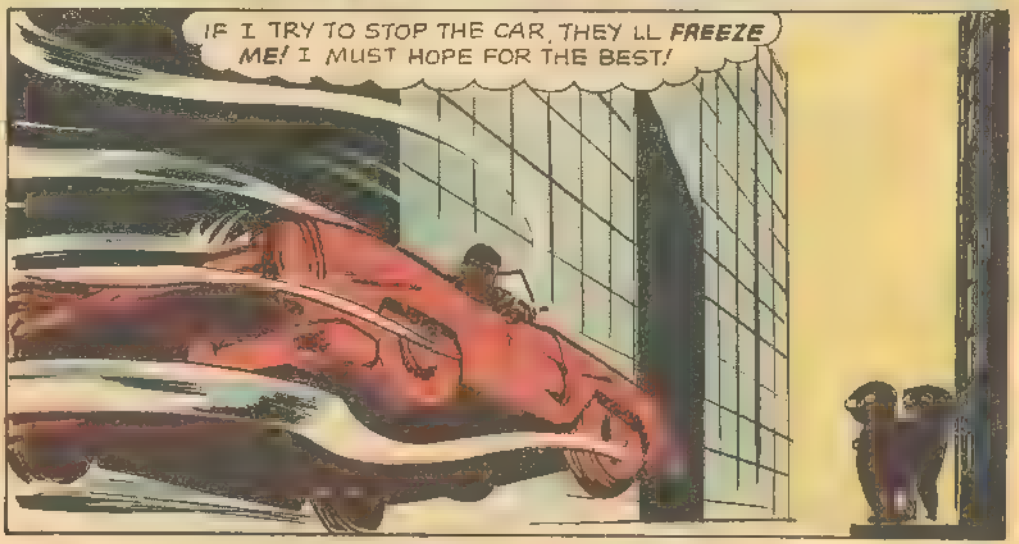
FITTING HALF A DOZEN RYDIUM PELLETS INTO A SIGNAL FLARE GUN, ROGERS LEAPS INTO THE CONVERTIBLE, AS GRACE TANNER FLOORS THE PEDAL AND THEY TAKE OFF.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO, GRACE?
YES! FOR THE MONSTERS!

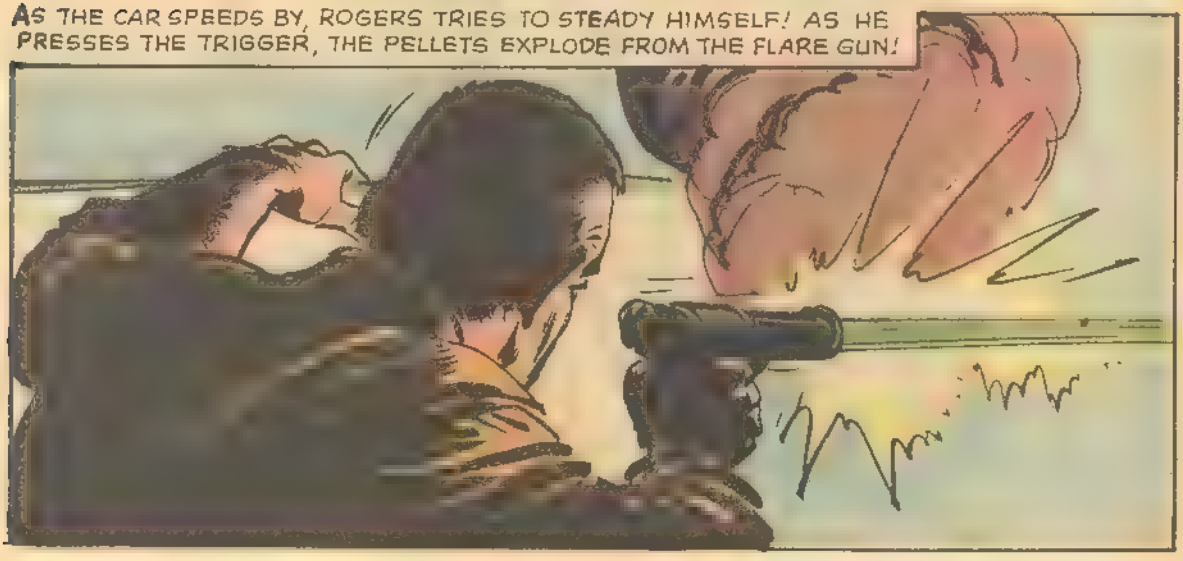
THE CAR RACES ON, AS RADIO BLARES REPEAT ORDERS FOR THE CITY'S EVACUATION! THE ABANDONED STREETS AND BUILDINGS ARE SILENT! THEN, SUDDENLY, THE PERIL LOOMS — AHEAD..





FROZEN AT THE WHEEL, GRACE CAN NO LONGER STEER THE WILDLY ZIGZAGGING CAR AS IT HURTLES DOWN THE STREET...





BOTH SHOTS STRIKE! WITH FIERCY IMPACT, THEY SLAM INTO THE MENACING MONSTERS!

THEN ERIC GRABS THE WHEEL, HIS LEFT FOOT LUNGING FOR THE BRAKE...

...WHILE BEHIND HIM, THE SEEMINGLY INVINCIBLE MONSTERS SINK LIFELESSLY TO A ONCE TERROR-RIDDEN STREET!

AND, AT THE INSTANT THE MONSTERS DIE, THE PARALYZING FORCE DIES WITH THEM! GRACE MOVES AND SPEAKS...
WE KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THEM NOW. BUT THEY ALSO KNOW HOW TO ENTER OUR ATMOSPHERE--BY HITCH-HIKING HERE ON OUR RETURNING SATELLITES AND SPACE MISSILES! WHAT IF COUNTLESS SPACESHIPS OF THEIRS LAND THAT WAY?
NEVER! THERE IS A WAY TO PREVENT THAT!

A WEEK LATER, GRACE'S DIRE FEAR IS REALIZED! HURTLING ACROSS THE VAST VOID OF SPACE, TWO TINY SPACESHIPS HEAD FOR AN AMERICAN SATELLITE SPINNING PEACEFULLY AROUND OUR GLOBE...

WHILE AT A SPECIAL TRACK STATION BELOW, TWO SCIENTISTS FOLLOW IN FASCINATION...

THOSE TWO BLIPS HAVE ALTERED COURSE! THEY MUST BE GUIDED BY INTELLIGENCE!
NOW TO SEE IF YOUR PLAN WILL PREVENT THEIR SHIPS FROM TRYING TO SNEAK TO EARTH INSIDE OF ONE OF OUR SATELLITES!

BOTH SHIPS CONTINUE ON COLLISION COURSE! IMPACT! BUT INSTEAD OF PENETRATION, THERE IS A DISINTEGRATING EXPLOSION! THE SHIPS AND THEIR CONQUEST-BENT CREW ARE INSTANTLY BLASTED TO ATOMS, TURNED BACK BY THE SATELLITE'S SHELL THAT HAS BEEN CUNNINGLY COATED WITH-- RYDIUM! THE MENACE IS ENDED!

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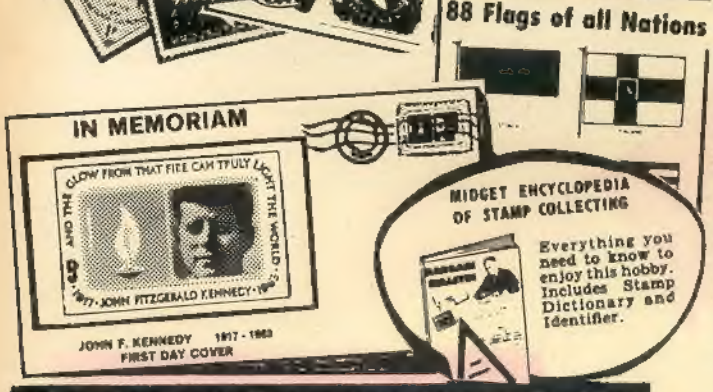
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